13 June 1972

Harold:

I am sitting in the library as I write this — taking time in between some reading that I must complete soon. So I have no access to a typewriter. Please excuse the handwriting.

My canoe trip into Algonquin Park lasted a few days longer than I planned. The weather was perfect throughout the trip, day and night, and the bugs went unexpectedly easy on us. We didn't want to waste such delight by leaving the bush, so we hung on for a few extra days. Food was very low toward the end, but we had a fair supply of staples and lived off them and the abundant trout that we caught.

When I returned to Kingston I found in my mail a package from Jerry Pollikof containing some recent articles by Lattimer. I was most interested in the one concerning the contents of the photos and X-rays. As it turns out, he tells almost nothing that we don't already know. But at least — if his account is accurate — his descriptions sharpens some of the otherwise rough edges of what we knew before.

Most valuable to me was the revelation confirming what I felt had to be the case with the dustlike fragments in the brain — i.e., that there were no such fragments far back in the brain. Morgan said as much when he assured me that my diagram was approximately correct, but the information from Lattimer clinches it.

By publishing where he did, and in the way that he did, Lattimer opened the door for comment. Hence,

I sent a copy of my (recently revised) monograph on the head fragments to Resident and Staff Physician, which ran Lattimer's article, and asked that they consider publishing it. Before they do, they will almost surely send it to Lattimer for review — that's all right, since he can't touch it on any but fallacious grounds. If the editor is honest, he will know this. If not — well, then there's nothing to be done anyway. I'm hoping that they will send it to someone else in addition to Lattimer — Helpern, I hope. I'll let you know how things go.

In the same letter I also said that I could soundly refute Lattimer's (and the WC's) account of the flight of CE399. I have in mind the memo that I sent to you concerning the 399 base pictures — yours and Howard's. If he asks for that memo (or a publishable version of it), may I let him have it — with the pictures? I made no promise to the editor that I would pursue the matter since, as I told him, that study of 399 was done in collaboration with others whose consent I would seek. Personally, I think that it is long past the time for releasing that material, and that if we have the opportunity to let it go, we should let it go. There is no denying that the matter is of paramount importance, and I feel sure that the arguments set forth in the memo are conclusive. They are at least convincing enough so that they should be scrutinized. I'm for letting the material go, if the opportunity comes, and I think Howard would agree.

I'll probably write more about Lattimer's article later, when I have read it more carefully, so sit tight. There are still a few things that need comment — things I don't fully understand.

As I indicated before, my trip into Algonquin Park was excellent — really, I have never had a trip like it, thanks mostly to the weather: Bright sunshine all during utterly cloudless days, but still cool enough to keep the blackflies and mosquitos inactive. Nights were full of moon — it waxed to the full all during the trip and had a day or two of waning toward the end — and it was visible at the best possible times, right after nightfall. We hardly needed a flashlight at all.

The fishing was great. Our first two days out brought us nothing notable (which, in a way, was good, for we had meats that we wanted to eat up before they spoiled) and we were afraid that the rest of the trip would be the same. But the fishing picked up rapidly and we got all that we wanted — a great range of sizes from very small to very large trout, and plenty of them. I caught the star of the river on my lightest tackle (tiny dry fly and a web-thin leader) — a brook trout 21" long. I have never had such a fishing thrill as when I caught him. [redacted] I hooked him in an eddy close to very swift rapids. He went in and out of those rapids, up and down, back and forth — everywhere! I played him for some 15 minutes before I could bring him to net. I shall never be able to explain fishing in any terms of practical benefit — relaxation, or the like. It is simply a magic thrill, mystical, and I felt the full sense of it when I landed that fish. It's crazy, but nice.

[redacted]

That's enough for now. Write and let me know how things are going, how you are getting on.

I'll try to write to Howard in a few days, but have not much to tell him. (Maybe I'll copy this letter and send it to him.)

Still

Dick